

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 312.]

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House in which Buchanan was born.



DUMBARTON, a town of Scotland, and the chief town of the county of Dumbarton, is celebrated as being the birth-place of George Buchanan, the eminent poet, historian, and one of the great masters of modern Latin; and we are well assured the above correct engraving will be viewed by our northern friends with pleasure and interest. This eminent man was born in 1566, of a respectable but poor family; and to an uncle, who was struck with indications of his abilities, he owed his education. He was sent to Paris for instruction, where, however, he remained only two years. Necessity, it is said, soon after induced him to enlist as a common soldier in the troops brought from France by the duke of Albany. He soon, however, released himself from this line of life, and went to St. Andrew's, where he attended the logical lectures of John Major, whom he accompanied into France; and after struggling some time longer with penury, he obtained the professorship of grammar at St. Barbe. From this situation he became tutor of the earl of Camilla, with whom he lived five years, and in Scotland subsequently obtained the notice of James V. who appointed

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him tutor to his natural son, afterwards the regent, earl of Murray; but he had not long the patronage of James, for he wrote a keen satirical poem against the clergy, and was imprisoned for heresy, but fortunately escaped to Bourdeaux, where he composed his tragedies of *Baptistes* and *Jephthes*, and his translations of the *Medea* and *Alcestes* of Euripides. In 1547, he went into Portugal, where the freedom of his opinions giving offence, he was thrown into prison, and he there began his translations of the *Psalms* into Latin verse. In 1551, he obtained his liberty; and in 1560 he returned to Scotland. He accompanied Murray to England in order to prefer charges against Mary; and, in 1571, published a virulent attack upon the character and conduct of that queen. He continued in favour with the prevailing party, who made him one of the lords of the council and lord privy seal, and received an annual pension from queen Elizabeth. He spent the last 12 or 13 years of his life in composing his great work, entitled, "*Rerum Scotticarum Historia*," in ninety books, which he published at Edinburgh in 1583. He died the same year in very poor circum-

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stances; but the city of Edinburgh very honourably had him interred at the public expense.

SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following copy of a letter from an officer in the Company's service, respecting the siege of Bhurtpore, is at your service, if you are inclined to insert it in your excellent miscellany.

Your constant reader,
Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 1826. J. S.

Camp, on the march from Bhurtpore to Meerut, March 1, 1826.

My Dear Sister,

My last letter left me on the point of making a long journey by post to Meerut, a distance of 1,000 miles. I took my departure from Calcutta on the evening of the 12th, and arrived at my destination without accident, on the morning of the 9th of November; the trip is usually made in twelve days, but I stopped at intermediate stations, which rendered the journey less fatiguing. Only conceive yourself shut up in a box and carried on men's shoulders from London to Edinburgh and back again, and you contemplate posting in India; fortunately the sedan-chair-like motion has the effect of shrouding the senses in sleep, which is a great blessing in travelling over an uninteresting and horrible country. Appetite is totally abolished—a very fortunate circumstance, as nothing in the shape of eating is procurable—a few biscuits and a little tea will sustain nature many days.

On my arrival at Meerut, I found war was the order of the day, and preparations making for the attack of Bhurtpore, a fortress of great size and strength, and which resisted Lord Lake's efforts in 1805. On the 12th, (three days after joining my troop of horse artillery,) we started for Muttra, where the army was assembling, and reached that place on the 4th of December; a larger or a finer army never took the field before in Hindoostan—30,000 men and 160 pieces of cannon. On the 8th, we marched and came in sight of Bhurtpore at eight o'clock on the morning of the 10th. I shall proceed with the principal occurrences of the siege in the form of a journal.

On the 10th, arrived in sight of Bhurtpore in the morning about eight o'clock—the cavalry and horse artillery entered the jungle which surrounds the fort, and drew a heavy fire by getting too close to the works—a few men and horses killed and wounded.

From the 10th to the 23rd, employed

in reconnoitering, investing the place, and preparing materials for the siege.—On the 24th a gun battery of eight 18 pounders, and twelve eight inch mortars, opened on the fort this morning; I commanded the mortar battery, and fired the first shot—kept up a heavy fire during the day and night; our distance from the fort about 700 yards. In the night approaches were commenced on to form the second parallel, and on the night of the 26th a ten gun battery was erected within 360 yards, to knock off the defences.—The 27th, 28th, and 29th, employed in completing our approaches and batteries under the fire of those already finished—I commanded the ten gun battery on the 29th—the enemy kept up a constant and heavy fire. By the evening of the 4th of January all our batteries were completed, and on the 5th, at day break 80 pieces of heavy ordnance commenced the work of death and destruction; this day I commanded the centre mortar battery—the fire from both sides was tremendous.—6th. This day I commanded the grand breaching battery of 16 guns, and fired upwards of 3,000 shot—all the batteries kept up a constant fire—our engineers had succeeded in establishing their saps on the crest of the ditch, and commenced the operation of mining; the ditch in this part was free from water.—7th. This day I returned to the centre mortar battery, where I remained night and day, until the whole affair was over on the 19th.—8th, 9th, and 10th. Kept up a constant fire on the fort and town—two mines were sprung, but with little effect—the gun breaches nearly practicable, our loss in killed and wounded considerable.—11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th. Still hammering away at the walls of the fort, which are very thick and strong—waiting for two grand mines under the points of assault.—16th. The large mine on the left was sprung this afternoon with tremendous effect, and made a fine breach, and some hundreds of Bhurtporeans perished in the ruins. Stones of enormous size came flying over our trenches, but luckily no mischief was done.

The mine under the other bastion not being ready, the storming was postponed.—17th. This night the engineers reported all would be in readiness in the morning, and the storming parties were ordered—two columns of 4,000 men each to enter the breaches, and two smaller ones to escalate the two gateways right and left of the breaches.—18th. The right column was close to, and in my battery with the commander in chief and staff—at nine o'clock, all being ready, two mines in the counterscarp of the ditch

was sprung, and immediately after the grand mine (10,000 lbs. of powder) went off most magnificently; the shock was tremendous, and in an instant we were almost buried in the ruins, and I am sorry to say many lives were lost on our part, we were much too close, being within 200 yards; several officers received severe contusions, and I came in for a few hard knocks, but none of any great consequence. This was the signal for storming, and our gallant fellows rushed out of the trenches and ascended the breaches in noble style; the enemy made a most determined resistance on the ramparts. Our two columns scoured the ramparts right and left, and by twelve o'clock the whole of the town was ours. The enemy fought nobly; upwards of 4,000 slain; wounded unknown; our loss in the storming was four officers killed, thirty-four wounded, and 500 non-commissioned and privates.

The town being thus ours, we commenced operations against the citadel, which batteries on the top of the town supported. About two o'clock a flag of truce was held out, and a bakoel came to head quarters on the part of Bulwant Singh the young Rajah, delivering up every thing unconditionally. Doorjan Sah the usurper, who was the cause of the war, had taken himself off with his family and jewels; however he was taken by a party of the eight cavalry, and is now snug in confinement at Allahabad. All the enemy who escaped from the town were either cut up or detained by the cavalry.

The destruction in the town was horrible; parties of 150 and 200 men lay dead, dying, and burning in heaps; their cotton jackets caught fire, and many a poor wounded man was burnt alive. We were three days in collecting and burning the dead. We have secured fifty lacs of rupees in cash, and a great many in property; and I expect my share will be worth having. There were only two artillery and five engineer officers wounded, and one engineer killed during a siege of twenty-six days, but many narrow escapes, and we were always within musket range, and the enemy kept up a constant fire on our batteries. I was eighteen days and nights on duty—44,000 eighteen and twenty-four pound shot, and upwards of 17,000 shells, were thrown into the town and citadel, which caused great destruction. The inhabitants suffered dreadfully as the place was crowded. Sixty brass and seventy-three brass guns were found on the ramparts, and several destroyed by our fire, with immense stores of ammunition of every description.

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It is surprising what faith the natives all over India had in the strength of this place; they considered it impregnable; and had we failed, the whole of India would have been in arms against us, instead of that entire submission which now exists among all the powers.

The young rajah was reinstated in his government on the 4th of February; but a force of ours is to be cantoned in his territories. The whole of the works have been destroyed, and this far-famed fortress is humbled to the dust. We remained in position until the 6th, sending out parties to the other forts in the Bhut-pore state, five in all, which surrendered without firing a shot. On the 8th, the army marched in progress to Alwar; we reached the frontier on the 10th, and halted. After much negotiation the rajah accepted our terms. The fortress of Alwar is situated on a range of high rocky hills, and built of stone, but not capable of making any great resistance. Having thus brought the campaign to a happy conclusion, the army broke up on the 21st of February, and we are now on our march back to our respective stations.

Our cousins, R—, E—, and M—, are now at —, and I expect to derive much pleasure from their society. R— is judge and magistrate of the station, and a very fine fellow he is: the girls are very accomplished. Time draws on apace; in little more than six years I expect to see you all again.

March 6th. We arrived at Meerut this morning, and are now snug in hot-weather quarters, after five months of cold and pleasant weather.

Adieu! my budget is exhausted.

My Common-Place Book.

No. XIII.

Hasty Journal of an Old Fyfe who put foot in the Highlands during the summer of 1813.

"CHARITY begins at home, and very properly, but there's no reason on earth why it should end there," said one of the cleverest fellows who ever wagged his head in the sufficiently-venerable-but-as-fully-pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxon. So, say I, is it with curiosity. If a man is able—that is to say, in rather robust health, not married, settled and done for—got a purse as long as Old Jarvis's jetty at Margate, and about as heavy as the pier of that renowned watering-place, sacred, as every one is fully aware, among the cockneys to sweet love and beautiful murder—if a man is piously resolved not to mind trifles, damp sheets, asthma, &c.

he can't do better than *trampoline* with due might and main, first, through every spot worth seeing in our "tight little island," and then he may *bundle* "over the water and over the lee," yea, "over the hills and far awa," wherever he pleases, and tarry as long as he chooses, or the fit serves. But let him take my advice, and see "my native land," and all its lovely lakes, and towers, and towns, hallowed by so many reminiscences that should never, never become dim in his memory, before he bid it "good night." Then he may, if he be a man of classics, turn to sweet Italy, magnificent Florence, Rome, the city of the arts, and thence he may afterwards turn to the land of Salamis and Thermopylae, and shed a tear over "Greece that's living Greece no more." But hang all helpless sentimentality! My dear Trot-cosey, the moral of the whole matter is this:—Curiosity ought of a surety to *begin* at home, although there is no one so much of a hog in amour as to say it ought to *end* there. Impressed with this conviction, and pretty well aware that unless it might be my hap, in future days, to be *transported* for the good of my country, there was but slender chance of my ever seeing foreign parts, I resolved to avail myself of every occasion to wander among the pleasant places of this much-favoured land, meaning not simply old England, but the sister islands also. So accordingly, bitten by the Scottish novels, as many a man has been before me, I determined upon a trip to the "Land o' Cakes," more especially as sandry kind and hospitable friends of my younger days sojourned there, and the invitations had been falling thick and fast of late.

Thursday, July 29. Sailed from Down's wharf in the Delight, captain Martin—steam boats by us undreamt-of, and the glories of the United Kingdom and the City of Edinburgh, to us utterly unknown. The company was miserably bad—not exactly as to what is called moral character—but they were the most surperlatively awful set of humdrums ever beheld by human optics. Most especially have I a lively recollection of two young officers in his majesty's gracious service, who were altogether obnoxious; haughty, ignorant as cockroaches, and tipplers of spirituous liquors, from morning till night—never witnessed any thing like it. The ladies on board were few in number, and neither pretty nor agreeable. In fact a captain H—, a resident at Glasgow, was the only rational being on board, and he was a good and a conscientious man, although he and I differed on certain points which were duly

discussed as we went "over the water, away and away:"—with the said captain I became intimate and friendly.

Saturday and Sunday, the wind precisely in our teeth. The latter of these brief periods of time was passed like any thing but a Christian sabbath, indeed the cards, backgammon, and chess boards were in more abundant requisition than usual; and there were not wanting, as is no unusual matter in these cases, some widdings, who, in a small, alim way, began cracking jokes upon the Bible, and the word "methodist" was bandied about with many a horse-laugh in the most jocose and facetious fashion imaginable. Now all this is verily contemptible. When will men cease to be donkeys? It must needs be confessed that a testy ancient bibliopole on board, uplifted his voice against their enormities, but in a way so little exemplifying the beauties of holiness, that the evil was rather increased than otherwise; this, however, could form no excuse. Our two hopeful sons of Mars, aforementioned, were unusually boisterous, and went to roost with the most profound abhorrence of common sobriety.

"The Soph he is immortal and never can decay,

For how can he return to dust who always owns his clay?"

My birth happening to be in their vicinity, I awoke before the sun was up—the waters were heaving around me, and the heaver of the lead was shouting "by the mark ten," and one of the aforesaid hopefuls was lustily bawling out for some calcined magnesia to mitigate the horrors of the heartburn.

The following morning a round dozen of our most disagreeable companions, weary of the concern, landed at Hridlington, a town on the Yorkshire coast, with the intention of proceeding to Edinburgh in post chaises—not a jot vexed therewith—sun set magnificently after a rather dull and long day. Captain H— and self engaged in a talk-talkce—query, is it criminal for those who are not almost, but altogether Christians, under any circumstances, to engage in a game of chance? The worthy captain decided in the negative. I could not help amicably objecting to his decision. "Do not," would I say with a look of my usual sagacity, "do not play at whist or any thing else, unless your object be to relax and unband the mind a little—never play with the slightest idea either of enriching yourself or impoverishing any body—never play on any account, unless you can keep your temper—never play so as to consume much time, or so to establish the habit

as to make life uneasy without its indulgence." Excellent rules these—now prither my much-esteemed Mr. Bluebottle attend to them, and throw Hoyle and Bob Short behind the fire.—Night on the German Ocean, and one of the finest I ever saw—much admired the effect of the revolving light on Flam-borough Head.

Woke on the following morning—wind had chopped about—all sail crowded—breeze fresh, and spinning along at a princely rate—of course all in good spirits. Encountered my friend the captain, whose visage bore marks of unwonted hilarity. Found him intimately acquainted with the religious world at Glasgow—knew Dr. Chalmers, who was then in the hey-day of his well-earned fame—held a long and very interesting discourse on the comparative sources of a Christian's happiness, and the men of the world's.

Tynemouth Castle, and the entrance of the river, caught my attention as we passed on—Sunderland—got an excellent view of Whitby, and the ruins of its fine old abbey; a place not to be forgotten, inasmuch as I was very nearly lost in a miserable Berwick Smack, which struck, in a dense fog, on the rocks there, a few years ago.

Wednesday morning—off the Bass—splendid view of Tantallon Castle, a seat of the Douglas in days of yore, where often the gallant lord of that chivalric name—

—on a milk white steed,

Met like a Baron bold,

Rode foremost of his company

His armour shone like gold."

North Berwick Law and the entire coast of the Firth of Forth came in for their share of our admiration and remark; but the wind again declared war against us, and it was only by continual tacking that we made the rest of our way. Dinner came, and we accordingly assembled to this very important occupation for the last time together. Every face was illumined by the prospect of a speedy termination of our voyage, but my two old toes the military men, who had remained with us, still looked as full of defiance to all social advances as ever. I must by no means omit an exploit which I performed to the infinite amusement and satisfaction of the company, which might have given rise to a brawl, had it not been purely and evidently accidental. One of the officers, who had made himself an especial standing annoyance to our whole assembly, happened to sit opposite to me, and as I drew the cork (having previously given it a pull with

the screw) with my fingers, holding the said bottle in an oblique direction for the more commodious pouring of the contents thereof in the glass, the fiery head of the generous liquor sent the cork with the utmost velocity into one of the eyes of the luckless wight, to his utter confusion and dumbfounderment. The entire company was, with one accord, in fits, and each man and mother's son holding his sides; I could not, for the soul of me, avoid joining them, so ludicrous was the effect, and so supremely childish did the unfortunate subject of the practical joke appear. As soon as he recovered the faculty of speech, he bolted out a most pestiferous oath—endeavoured with an awkward spasm of the lower lip to knock up a laugh, and maintained that I was one of the most admirable shots he had ever met.

Four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, landed at Leith Harbour—passage three guineas and a half—feed good all the way—was received with great kindness at S—house, and commenced being singularly comfortable.

Good reader, have you ever experienced a genuine Scottish welcome and hospitality? If you have, you will easily imagine how pleasantly the ten days which I spent in Edina glided away, and thank heaven, without leaving any sting, or in fact any thing but most comfortable recollections behind; if you have not, what is the use of my tantalizing your miserable soul with the detail of the gorgeous chow-chows—Anglice, dinners, which both the old and new town furnished—why need I enlarge upon the superb farintosh, the mighty ale, the resplendent toddy, the unsophisticated gleelivet, which gladdened my heart and cheered mine eyes? Above all, why torment you with recounting the lovely smiles of the north kintra lasses, and the heart-touching strains of Scotia's melody, of which Leyden, in his charming ode to Scottish music, hath so sweetly chanted, and with which my soul was much enraptured? I will be merciful and forbear, in sheer compassion to all inhabitants of Mincing-lane, Friday-street, and London ditto.

August 15. Accompanied by a most valued school-fellow and another friend, I started from New Haven at six in the morning in the Star, steam boat, for Alsea—weather beautiful—lots of fellow-passengers, and all much disposed to gaiety and good fellowship. The scenery along the banks of the Forth is really beautiful. We noted many charming and highly cultivated spots in the course of our sail, which lasted four hours—

Hopetoun House, Barobogle Castle, Inverkeithing, Dunfermline, Kincardine, &c. Lord Elgin's estate and lime kilns, especially attracted our regards. Arrived at Alloa, price of the passage 4s. 6d., and the distance from New Haven about twenty-five miles. About Alloa we promenaded for some time. The very neat, substantial and simple church, then building, came in for a due share of our admiration. It was of stone, and the price not to exceed £6,000, so small a sum as to excite wonderment in no slight degree, I wish they would let us have our new country churches at any thing like so reasonable a rate; there would be more of them, and "puir bodies," whose coats have not so long a knap as could be wished, would not be so afraid or ashamed to enter them.

TIM TORYKIN.

(To be continued.)

ON DRUNKENNESS.

(For the Mirror.)

HOBBS makes voluntary drunkenness a breach of the law of nature, which directs us to preserve the use of our reason. The ancient Lacedæmonians used to make their slaves frequently drunk, to give their children an aversion and horror for this vice. The Indians regard drunkenness as a species of madness; and, in their languages, the same term *ramjam*, that signifies drunkard, also implies a phrenetic. Addison says, "the person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who first sat down at table with you. Wine often turns the goodnatured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, and makes vanity insupportable." In a word, drunkenness exhibits the individual in a new and foreign character, and infuses qualities into the mind, to which it is a stranger in its sober moments. Hence the justice, as well as neatness, of the saying of Publius Syrius: "He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent." "My whole experience assures me (says Dr. Trotter) that wine is no friend to vigour or activity of mind; it whirls the fancy beyond the judgment, and leaves body and soul in a state of listless indolence and sloth. The man that, on arduous occasions, is to trust to his own judgment, must preserve an equilibrium of mind, alike proof against contingencies as internal passions. He must be prompt in his decisions, bold in enterprise, fruitful in resources, patient under expectation, not elated with success, or depressed with disappointment. But if his spirits are of

that standard as to need a *slip* from wine, he will never conceive or execute any thing magnanimous or grand. In a survey of my whole acquaintance and friends, I find that *water-drinkers* possess the most equal temper and cheerful dispositions." This denomination, however, does not exclude the idea of an occasional temperate use of wine:

"We curse not wine—the vice excess we blame."

Mark, says Dr. Darwin, what happens to a man who drinks a quart of wine, if he has not been habituated to it. "He loses the use of his limbs, and of his understanding. He becomes a temporary idiot, and has a temporary stroke of the palsy; and though he slowly recovers after some hours, is it not reasonable to conclude, that a perpetual repetition of so powerful a poison must at length permanently affect him?" To confirm this, Dr. Willan says, "I am convinced that considerably more than one-eighth of all the deaths which take place in persons above twenty years old happen prematurely through excess in drinking spirits." Sir Walter Raleigh says, "Except the desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never addst any artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice, until thou findest that time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the sooner she will forsake thee."—In all the examples of Europeans wintering within the arctic circle, those who drank spirits died from scurvy, while those who possessed no such liquors, and drank water only, survived.

"Nothing like the simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to follow."

Immersion in the cold bath has often brought a drunkard to his senses; and as is often observed among seamen who fall overboard in a state of stupid intoxication, they are generally sober when picked up. There was a custom of ducking a drunken husband prevalent in some parts of this island, of uncertain origin; but it is to be lamented, that our fair countrywomen should not exercise so wholesome a privilege more generally. In the "Philosophical Transactions," many dreadful instances are recorded of the combustion of individuals arising from the effects of habitual intoxication.

P. T. W.

A PARISIAN dentist lately published an "Essay on the Utility of Teeth," and on their preservation; a wit observed, "that he hoped his treatise would be as useful as its subject."

Scientific Amusements.

No. XVI.

SUNDRY CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

TWO COLD LIQUIDS, WHEN MIXED, BECOME HOT.

Put into a thin phial two parts (by measure) of sulphuric acid, and add to it one part of water; on agitating them, the mixture becomes hot.

A METAL WHICH MELTS IN BOILING WATER.

Mix four parts by weight of bismuth, two and a half of lead, and one and a half of tin together in an iron ladle over the fire, to form one mass. A spoon formed of this alloy, when used for stirring boiling water, melts in the hand during the operation.

TO COVER RIBANDS WITH GOLD.

Let ether stand over phosphorus for some weeks, and some of the phosphorus will be dissolved. Dissolve also some gold in nitric muriatic acid. Dip the riband, first, into the latter solution, and then into phosphorated ether, and it will be covered with a firm coating of gold.

TIMOTHEUS.

FETCHES AND WRAITHS.

(For the Mirror.)

AXIN to bensahees (who are in Ireland so obliging as to squeak and shriek like screech-owls, previous to a death in the families to whom they are familiars,) is that more awful superstition of *fetches*—the *wraiths* of Scotland; indeed they are known by that term in the southern districts of the Green Isle, though the former designates these apparitions in the northern counties. Now, save the corpse-candles of Wales, and the appearance of "the old gentleman" himself, can a more appalling spectacle be conceived than that of beholding a shadowy, moving vision of your friend or yourself, *before death*? It is an idea so utterly outrageous all the proprieties of nature, so truly hideous, and beyond reason horrible, that we might madden ourselves with the thought of it alone; did we merely speculate on creating a monstrosity in our minds for the purposes of *fiction*; but when we consider that there are persons whose faith in the appearance of *fetches* is as firm as their belief in the sacred truths of scripture, and gives a sort of *semi-reality* to the appalling phantasm, it almost inclines us to the frenzy of that unhappy girl, who, as the story was told to

me, was found nursing and kissing, and grinning at the skeleton which had been set in her room to terrify her. To this outrageous superstition that of the soul's "revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon," *after death*, is *rational* and in a measure *agreeable*; but the thought of a *fetch* is monstrous, horrible! A friend is *distant*—I enter a room in my house and meet him there—silent, haggard, altered, and his dim, cloudy eyes, fixed as in death. Fleeing from this diabolical and portentous apparition, I enter another room, and there encounter, in terrific identity, *myself*! The reader may probably have read the harrowing story of the "Fetches" in the *Tales of the O'Hara family*; I have had an opportunity of questioning an Irishwoman on this superstition, and give her answers nearly verbatim:—

"In Ireland, people think nothing of seeing fetches—they are so *very common*. I know ten or a dozen persons who have seen them, and I saw one myself." Much was I delighted with this avowal, for to meet with any one who has actually *seen* a ghost, is as rare as to meet with a queen Anne's farthing. On pushing my inquiries, I elicited that it was the fetch of a cookmaid in a certain noble lady's house in Ireland, which she had seen standing by the kitchen dresser, parsing a potatoe or an apple; and that going up stairs immediately, she met the *real* cook coming down. "So I told her," added my informant, "and we searched the house together, but could find nothing." Did she die then? I asked. "About two years after; the rule is, if a fetch appears *before* twelve o'clock at night, it bodes to the person a long and *prosperous* life; if *after*, a near death; I saw *her's* about the middle of the day." Upon this story I shall venture but one observation: that it is about the *pleasantest blunder* I have heard for some time, a *living woman going in search of her own ghost*! But respecting the *superstition*, I have to observe, it is by no means peculiar to Ireland or Scotland; I have met with those even in England, who avowed their belief in fetches or wraiths, and knew some who had seen their neighbours, and others who had beheld themselves as spirits, before decease.

The *second sight* of Scotland appears one branch of this singular superstition, but then, instead of a single person, many appear, and generally the action which is the immediate cause of the fated person's dissolution is distinctly preperformed. A second variety of fetch-seeing is that venerable English custom not, however, often performed now I suspect, of sitting in the church porch on the vigil

of St. Mark, to see who shall die, and who shall be married in the parish during the succeeding year; when it is asserted that the spectral likeness of him who is fated soon to enter the spiritual world, marches into the church, and never returns, while the double of the future blithecome bridegroom again walks forth with a cheerful countenance. Is it possible that any of those *charms*, sometimes practised by youths and maidens, with the intent of bringing the apparitions of their future spouses before them, have their origin in the fearful and revolting superstition of fetches?—Perhaps so.

M. L. B.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE cruel oppression of the Turks in Asia and the east of Europe, over the Christians, excited such general interest, that several European princes united themselves together for the purpose of making an expedition to the Holy Land, to free that part of Christendom from the slavery of the Infidels. A poor French hermit, of the name of Peter, was the first instigator of this extraordinary project. He went in person to Syria, zealous in the cause of religion, where he gained a thorough insight into the miserable condition of his Christian brethren, which so much affected him, that without any delay he repaired to Jerusalem, at which city, after performing his devotions, he introduced himself to the patriarch Simon, then master of the Hospitallers, with whom he held a serious consultation on the subject of relieving the Christians in Palestine. At this interview it was ultimately determined that a letter should forthwith be sent to pope Urban the second, stating the sufferings which the Christians were compelled to endure under the Turkish power. Peter safely arrived in Rome with the letter, and, being a person of but mean exterior, without any suspicion he was introduced to his holiness, the pope, from whom he received a most gracious and flattering hearing. The contents of the letter were considered of such importance to Christendom, that the pope immediately summoned a council at Chermont, in France, where three hundred bishops were assembled, with many princes and ambassadors. The subject of the letter having been fully discussed at this meeting, all the noble personages present readily agreed to contribute all in their power to mitigate the sufferings of their Christian brethren. The successful pilgrim, Peter, who possessed much eloquence, was, after the perusal of the let-

ter, called to give some farther account of the Christians in Palestine; and while enumerating their hardships, he wrought so effectually on the feelings of those present, that at the conclusion of his narrative, every one vowed vengeance against the infidels.

When this meeting was dissolved, the members returned to their own countries, and so forcible did the arguments of the pope and the narrative of the hermit prove, that a vast army was in a very short time formed out of Christendom, the soldiers having blood red crosses on their breasts, shewing that they were ready to lose their lives in defence of their religion. Most writers agree that this army consisted of three hundred thousand men. The chief commanders were Godfrey, of Bologne; his brother Baldwin; Raymond, earl of Flanders; Robert, duke of Normandy; Stephen de Valois, earl of Chartres; Ademar, the pope's legate; and Peter the hermit, who being the first promoter of this expedition had the sole command of forty thousand men.

This vast army passed over the Bosporus into Asia, and proceeded with great speed towards Jerusalem, taking in its course numerous towns and garrisons, with the cities of Nice and Antioch, from the enemy. After a siege of thirty-nine days, the famous city of Jerusalem was taken from the infidels by the Christians on the 15th of July, A. D. 1099.

G. W. N.

• It is said that Godfrey, after he had been saluted as king of Jerusalem, refused to accept a crown of gold, saying, "It became not a Christian king to wear such a one, when Christ, the saviour of the world, had before worn one of *thorns*."

CURIOUS SERMON &c.

At St. Catharine Cree's church, London-hall-street, provision is made, under the will of Sir John Gager, who was lord mayor in the year 1646, for a sermon to be annually preached on the 16th of October, in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a lion, which he met, in a desert, as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested. The minister is to have twenty shilling for the sermon, the clerk two shillings and sixpence, and the sexton one shilling. The sum of 87. 16s. 6d. is likewise to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants, pursuant to the will of Sir John Sparman. Among several instances of the same nature, mention is made of a person who, though he was thrown down by a lion, and wounded in several places, was after all,

generously left with life. Thus it appears,
 the lion does not always kill whatever
 almost happens to be in his power.

FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

Amo smiling valley, where oftentimes I've wan-
 der'd

And listen'd unseen to the nightingale's strains,
 Or in mournfully-pleasing remembrance have
 ponder'd

Our joys of the past—which may ne'er come
 again;

Where stretch'd by the banks of yon crystalline
 fountain,

Which murmurs in soft native music along,
 I have cast up my eyes to the pine-cover'd
 mountains,

And call'd forth my artless and peace-loving
 song.

Now often the pale ray of evening has found me
 in mute contemplation beside thy clear
 stream;

While Spring's fragrant zephyrs were breathing
 around me,

Entranc'd in the musings of fancy's gay
 dream;

Thy sound by the sound of the village bell
 melting,

In blissful contentment I slowly retir'd,
 And open'd the door of my thatch'd cover'd
 dwelling.

Just as the last glimmer of twilight expir'd.

And oft in thy shade at the first blush of morning,
 Ere yet the plum'd warblers caroll'd their lay,
 I have mark'd how the glorious day-star was
 dawning

In orient lustre to welcome the day;

Ah, how my young bosom was waken'd to
 gladness,

Its glowing light beams expanding to see;
 Ere it was every feeling of anger or sadness
 in grateful emotion, oh, Father, to thee.

The great and the gladdy may revel in pleasure;

Give me the dark grave, cloth'd in verdant
 array,

Where in blissful retirement my lyre's soft
 measure,

Unheard by the world charms my hours away.

And should envy, with rancorous purport pur-
 suing,

Draw near and endeavour to sting and de-
 ceive;

Swill mine, while in pity her vain efforts viewing,
 With unrepentful breast—to forget and forgive.

Across the wide ocean I travel a stranger,

To wander unknown on a far distant shore;

Let low by the keen blast of sorrow and
 danger,

Perhaps for'd retreat, I may view thee no
 more.

Fate bids me depart; but thy fond recollection
 Whatever I roam to my heart shall be dear;

And memory trace thee in warmest affection,
 And dwell on thy charms with a solace fraught

With thy dear memory's sweet and soothing
 light.

SONG.—FATHER THAMES.

(For the Mirror.)

Old Thames is my name,
 I from Oxfordshire come,

Lambeth and Vauxhall to view,
 Round Chelsea I reach,

Fulham Bridge does me teach
 The way to the Castle of Kew.

Then Brentford the long
 Mast comes in my song

Till I meet fair Isleworth's shore,
 Through Sion and Richmond

I serve as a fish pond,
 And at Twickenham fresh beauties explore.

Then there's the Star and Garter on high,
 Ham and Petersham nigh,

And Twickenham meadows you see,
 Where Pope's villa once stood,

Sightly, substantial, and good;
 But now, alas, 'tis removed from me.

Then at Teddington end,
 On to Kingston I bend;

At Hampton its Court you may see;
 At Sunbury—Oatlands, and Staines

I pass through the plains,
 The Castle of Windsor to see.

Then at Maidenhead Bridge,
 And Marlow's great ridge,

Fresh beauties in me you see still:
 And at Healey, Oxford, and Thames—

The latter's my name;
 I rise and there leave my ill.

And now ends my song,
 It's not very long

You may think it quite daggery and lame,
 And call it such stuff,

But it's all in the rough,
 To display the sweet windings of Thames.

W. H.

MANNER OF CATCHING
WOLVES IN INDIA.

WOLVES are caught in India by the na-
 tives in the following curious manner:—
 A deep pit is dug, and over it a kid or
 lamb is suspended in a basket, with a pot
 of water hanging above, having a small
 hole in it, through which a drop at a time
 falls on the kid, and makes it cry. The
 sound attracts the wolves to the spot, and
 when they make their spring at the bait,
 they fall into the pit beneath, which is
 kept from their view by being covered
 with loose green leaves.

ARCHERY.

THE English were always famous for
 their skill in archery, which was greatly
 encouraged by their various monarchs.
 In the reign of Edward IV, an act was
 made that every man should have a bow
 of his own height, made of hew, hazel,
 ash, &c.; and mounds of earth were made
 in every township for the inhabitants to
 practise archery. These were called butts,

or butt-gardens. One of the suburbs of London is from this cause still called Newington-butt, and there are now parts of the roads at Milverton and Ilminster called Butts-ways. Another statute was made in the reign of Henry VIII, commanding every father to provide a bow and two arrows for his son, when seven years old. Of the power of the bow, as a weapon of offensive attack, from its long disuse for that purpose, we now know very little; but as a means of promoting health and amusement, it claims the most cherishing attention, and we are glad to witness the prevailing taste for its revival. This fine exercise is becoming quite the prevalent recreation among distinguished families in the neighbourhood of Taunton. A very delightful exhibition of skill in archery took place not long since in a field at West-Monkton, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Maddison, rector of that village. Some of the ladies evinced much adroitness in the management of the bow.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SONNET.—NATURE REALITIES.

How beautiful the sunset—yet how sad!
That crimson light which overflows the grove,
Tinging the valleys below, the clouds above,
And rock and rill, and ruin ivy-clad,
Seems like funeral sunshine. Hark! the crow
With a lone scream wings its dirgeful way!
And to the field, beneath yon mountain's brow
The partridge thins, at the calm close of day
Pipes in her scatter'd brood—a tone of yore!
Life is illusion; else my heart had borne
The feelings at this moment, which it bore
In youth's warm noon, and boyhood's cloudless
morn:
Care's crythe the flowers of joy's demesne hath
shorn,
And sorrow's waves beat hollow round the shore.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHARACTERS.—A FENCER

Is a fighting master, that expounds upon a foyl, and instructs his pupils in the rudiments of blows, thrusts, and broken heads, and reads upon the subtlest point of a rapier. He teaches the theory of killing, wounding, and running through, and with the privilege of a doctor professes murder and sudden death. His calling is previous to a surgeon's, and he tutors his pupils to make wounds, that the other may cure them, and sometimes to the hangman's when they venture to break the laws of the land (instead of breaking heads) which he breaks your necks for. He wears a parapet upon his breast, to which he di-

rects the points of their weapons, till by often repeating their lessons upon it, they can hit him where he pleases, and never miss a button, at least that on the cod of the foyl. He instructs them, as the professors of liberal arts do in schools, to practise that which is only useful upon the place, and nowhere else, as to stamp when they make a thrust, which makes a noise sufficient to terrify the foe upon boards, but is of no service at all in the field. He presses his documents upon his pupils with all vehemence, and they improve wind and limb. He infuses his precepts into them till they are quite out of breath, and their lungs profit more than their brains; but as no art can improve a man beyond his natural capacity, so no practice can raise his skill above his courage. He lays about him like another Orbillus in his school, where his disciples can nothing but blows, and cuts, and bruises. He instructs them how to carve men, as they do wooden fowl with a good grace, to alay in mood and figure, without any illogical inferences, and to run a man through correctly and accurately, which he calls masterly strokes. He teaches the discipline of duels, to beat up quarters back and sides, charge a body through and through, and dispute a pass with the greatest advantage. He is a duel doctor, and professes to help nature by art, and his prescriptions, like those of other doctors, destroy as many as they preserve.—*London Magazine.*

A FORGER

Is a master of the pen, that professes to write any man's usual hand, and draws and engrosses all sorts of business with such admirable care and secrecy, that he does it without the knowledge of those, that he undertakes for. He has an art to bloat parchment, and make a spick and span new deed look old before its date. His chief dealing consists in importing men's last wills and testaments out of other worlds, and raising apparitions of hand and seal out of the grave, that shall walk and appear in the likeness of the deceased so perfectly, that their nearest friends shall hardly be able to distinguish. He has as many tricks to cheat the devil and his own conscience, as he has to abuse the world, as by writing with a pen in a dead man's hand, or putting a scroll of written paper in a dead man's mouth, and swearing those were the last words that came out of it, as if plain downright perjury were not more pardonable than that, which is meditated and prepared with tricks and fineses. He will bind a man's hand behind his back

is a bond before he is aware, and make him pay before he is loose again. He endeavours to oblige as many as he can by giving their names as much credit as he is able, though without their knowledge. He does all his feats with other men's hands, like the monkey that scratch'd with the cat's paw. As soon as he is detected all his devices fall upon his own head, which is presently laid by the ears in the pillory, where his legs are set on the tenter, and suffer wrongfully for the fault of his fingers, unless holding his pen be sufficient to render them guilty as receivers. If he be towards the law, he only does the summersault over the bar, and is forbidden all other practice during life, that he may apply himself wholly to his own way, in which his abilities are capable to do his country better service than in any other. He is the devil's amanuensis, that writes what he dictates, and draws up his deeds of darkness.—*Ibid.*

AN HIGHWAYMAN

Is a wild Arab, that lives by robbing of small caravans, and has no way of living but the king's highway. Aristotle said him to be but a kind of huntsman; but our sages of the law account him rather a beast of prey, and will not allow his game to be legal by the forest law. His chief care is to be well mounted, and, when he is taken, the law takes care he should be so still, while he lives. His business is to break the laws of the land, for which the hangman breaks his neck, and there's an end of the controversy. He fears nothing, under the gallows, more than his own face, and therefore when he does his work conveys it out of sight, that it may not rise up in judgment, and give evidence against him at the sessions. His trade is to take purses and evil courses, and when he is taken himself, the laws take as evil a course with him. He takes place of all other thieves as the most heroic, and one that comes nearest to the old knights errant, though he is really one of the basest, that never ventures but upon surprisal, and where he is sure of the advantage. He lives like a Tartar always in motion, and the inns upon the road are his houses, where he reposes for awhile, and spends his time and money, when he is out of action. These are his close confederates and allies, though the common interest of both will not permit it to be known. He is more destructive to a greater than the murrain, and as terrible as the Hun-cry to himself. When he despatches his business between sun and

sun he invades a whole county, and like the long Parliament robs by representative. He receives orders from his superior officer, the seller, that sets him on work and others to pay him for it. He calls concealing what he takes from his comrades *sitting*, which they account a great want of integrity, and when he is discovered he loses the reputation of an honest and just man with them for ever after. After he has rovd up and down too long he is at last set himself, and convey'd to the jail, the only place of his residence, where he is provided of a hole to put his head in, and gather'd to his fathers in a faggot cart.—*Ibid.*

A LAMPOONER

Is a moss-trooping poetaster, for they seldom go alone, whose occupation is to rob any that lights in his way of his reputation, if he has any to lose. Common fame and detraction are his setters, and as those describe persons to him he falls upon them; but, as he is for the most part misinformed, he often comes off with the worst, and, if he did not know how to conceal himself would suffer severely for doing nothing. He is a western-pug-poet, that has something to say to every one he meets, and there go as many of them to a libel, as there do slaves to an ear. He has just so much learning as to tell the first letter of a man's name, but can go no further, and therefore makes a virtue of necessity, and by selling all makes it pass for wit. His muse is a kind of owl, that preys in the dark, and dares not shew her face by day, a bulker that plies by owl-light, and he dares not own her for fear of beating hemp, or being beaten and kick'd down stairs. He is a jack pudding suty, that has something to say to all that come near him, and has no more respect of persons than a quaker. His muse is of the same kind of breed with his that rimes in taverns, but not altogether so fluent, nor by much so generous and authentic as a ballad-maker's; for his works will never become so classic as to be receiv'd into a slave, nor published into the street to a courtly new tune. He loves his little tiny wit much better than his friend or himself; for he will venture a whipping in earnest rather than spare another man in jest. He is like a witch that makes pictures according to his own fancy, and calls them by the names of those, whom he would willingly do a mischief to if he could, without their knowing from whence it comes. He hears himself often called rascal and villain to his face, but believes himself unconcerned,

because having stout men behind their backs he thinks he is only liable in justice to a punishment of the same nature.

Ibid.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRAITS FROM NEW WORKS.

HONOURABLE MEN.

THERE are certain absurdities in France, which in England we could scarcely believe it possible to exist. An instance of this occurs to my recollection at this moment. One morning while we were in Paris, our lacquey de place did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. "He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got his little affair over sooner." "Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs?" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur," said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand on his heart; "but it was an affair of honour!" And the man had actually been fighting a duel that morning with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with all the punctilios of men of fashion.—*Continental Adventures.*

THE AMIANTHUS.

LINNAEUS's definition of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms is, "that stones grow; vegetables grow and live; and animals grow, live, and feel." But notwithstanding this seemingly plain rule, the lines are so faint and evanescent, that of some productions it is impossible to say to which of the kingdoms they belong. The *amiantus* is generally reckoned among stones; but Dr. Plot judges it to be a middle substance between earth and stone. Besides this difficulty, this mineral, as it is now called, has so much of a vegetable quality, that it is named the mountain-flax. Its properties are peculiar. By the industry of mankind it is employed in diverse manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper. The manufacture of it

is difficult enough; but the best way is to mix it with a small quantity of wax, and as the amiantus is incombustible, by exposing it to the fire the wax burns out, and leaves the cloth pure and white. Pliny says he himself saw napkins of it, which being taken foul from the table after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better scoured than if they had been washed in water. A handkerchief of it was presented to the Royal Society, which has been twice tried, and in both experiments resisted fire. Bepistie Porter assures us, that in his time the spinning of amiantus was known to every body in Venice. In the rich and luxurious times of the Roman empire, this incombustible cloth was purchased at an enormous price, for the purpose of wrapping up the bodies of the dead previously to their being laid on the funeral pile, that the ashes of the corpse might not be mixed with the wood. In 1702, at Porta Navia, near Rome, a funeral urn was discovered, in which there were calcined bones and ashes enclosed in a cloth of amiantus. This interesting relic was deposited in the Vatican library by order of Clement XI. According to accounts in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the prince of Tartary still use it in burning their dead. Its value, in the countries where it is most common, is thirty-six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence for a piece twenty-three inches and three quarters long, which is called a china cover.—*Hume's Word is the Members of the Mechanic's Institute.*

COCHINEAL.

COCCHINEAL divided the learned world for a considerable time, as to whether it was a vegetable or an animal substance; depositions were taken in form by persons on the spot, and printed, before the question was settled. It is now acknowledged to be an insect living upon the *opuntia*, or Indian fig, and passes a great part of its life fixed to the vegetable body on which it feeds, without change, or even appearing in any other state. The value of cochineal, as a drug for dyeing the bright colours of scarlet and crimson, is well known. No duty is ever charged upon its importation, and every effort has been made to extract its colouring particles, and to take advantage of their application. A curious instance of this occurs in the silk trade. A pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the bunch, each thread 72 yards long, will reach to the length of between 104 and 105 miles; now a pound of this silk dyed scarlet does not receive above a drachm additional

weight; so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length; and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined. The above is a remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter, and also corroborates the opinion expressed of the value of the material. Mr. Monteith, whose manufactory in Scotland is now so justly celebrated, has brought the dying of scarlet cottons to such perfection, that the colour excels every thing before produced. The consequence has been, that his Bandannas are exported to every part of the globe. It may be out of place, but the importance of the subject compels this notice,—that of all the arts, none claims more attention than that of dying. The French are said to excel us, which of itself should prompt us to improve in this most profitable theory of light and colours. It is a part of chemistry that pays better than any other. With respect to the theory of dying, it is to be observed, that all the materials, which of themselves give colour, are either red, yellow, or blue; so that out of them, and the primitive fundamental colour, white, all that great variety which we see in dyed-stuffs arises. What is wanted, then, is to increase the mordants and the colouring substances, and to fix the colours we possess. It is stated, that the greatest naturalist, without the mechanical knowledge of dying, would be amazed to see a skein of white cotton and another of white wool plunged together in scarlet dye; the skein of cotton would come out of the liquor as white as when it went in, while the wool comes out tinged with a fine fiery colour. Another fact is, that by washing out the gums from silk, a pound loses four ounces, and that the same scoured silk, now reduced to twelve ounces, may be raised to any weight up to thirty ounces, if it be dyed black. This accounts for black sewing-silks being sold at a difference of ten or twelve shillings per pound; and black head silks, of the same weight, at a difference of sixpence or a shilling per yard.—*Ibid.*

THE POLYPUS AND HYDRA FUSCA.

The polypus is classed in the animal kingdom, although it was formerly considered as a vegetable or sea-plant. The multiplying power of this insect is astonishing; for if a polypus be slit into six or seven parts, it becomes a hydra, with six or seven heads. If again divided, we shall have fourteen heads.

The *Hydra fusca* furnishes us with another prodigy, to which there is nothing similar in animal or vegetable life. It may be turned inside-out like a glove, and, notwithstanding the improbability of the circumstance, it lives and acts as before.—*Ibid.*

THE BAT.

THE bat is placed by naturalists in the class of *mamilla*. This singular genus brings forth two young at a time, which are suckled at the breast; but it has the power of flying, and therefore connects the birds with the beasts. The bat is so dexterous a bleeder as to insinuate its tongue into a vein without being perceived, and then suck the blood until it is satiated. Perhaps it is from this dexterity that one of the species, which inhabits Guinea and Madagascar, has been named the vampire. The vampires are imaginary demons, which, it is pretended, suck the blood of persons during the night, and thereby destroy them. Those who were killed by vampires were said to become vampires themselves. The way to destroy them, was to drive a stake through their bodies, (at which time they would give a horrid groan,) and then burn them. This species of superstition occasioned, some years ago, great disturbances in Hungary and other places.—*Ibid.*

THE OURANG-OUTANG.

THE ourang-outang is the next remove from man, and appears only to want the use of speech; for Mr. Buffon relates, that he had seen this animal offer his hand to those who came to see him; and walk with them as if he had been one of the company; that he had seen him sit at table, unfold his napkin, wipe his face, make use of his knife and fork, pour out his drink in a glass, take a cup and saucer, put in sugar, pour out the tea, and stir it, in order to let it cool; and that he has done this, not at the command of his master, but often without bidding. It is said that Alexander met a large troop when in India, and prepared to give battle to them; and that Hanno attacked a large body of them in an island on the coast of Africa. The skins of three of the females were deposited by him in the temple of Juno, where they were found by the Romans at the taking of Carthage.—*Ibid.*

THE FLYING-FISH.

THE *exocoetæ*, or flying-fish, connects the birds of the air with the fish of the sea; when pursued in the water it raises itself in the air, and flies a considerable

distance: it is a fish that seems to lead a most miserable life; in its own element it is perpetually harassed by fish of prey; if it endeavours to avoid them by having recourse to the air, it meets its fate, or is forced again into the water, by gulls and other birds. Whole shoals of them fall aboard ships in warm climates.—*Ibid.*

Useful Domestic Hints.

TO RAISE YOUNG POTATOES IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

IN the beginning of May, lay a quantity of the largest ox-noble potatoes on a dry cellar floor, two or three deep, and turn them over in about three weeks, rubbing off all the white sprouts as they appear, but not the spawn or rudiments of the young potatoes. At the end of September have ready a few boxes; at the bottom of each put six inches of decayed leaves, dried to a vegetable mould, and place upon it a single layer of potatoes, close to each other; then put another layer of the same mould six inches deep, then another of potatoes, and so on till the boxes are full. Set the boxes in a dry covered place, free from frost, never giving them any water. They will produce good fine young potatoes in December, and those which are ready may be taken off, and the old potatoes replaced until the remainder of the produce shall be ready. To obtain a succession, place other potatoes in vegetable mould in the succeeding winter months.

SYMPATHETIC INK.

DISSOLVE a small quantity of starch in a saucer with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry, no trace of the writing will appear upon the paper, and the letters can be developed only by a weak solution of iodine in alcohol, when they will appear of a deep purple colour, which will not be effaced until after long exposure to the atmosphere. So permanent are the traces left by the starch, that they cannot (when dry) be effaced by Indian rubber; and in another case, a letter which had been carried in the pocket for a fortnight, had the secret characters displayed at once by being very slightly moistened with the above-mentioned preparation.

TO CLEAN CHAIRS.

DROP some linseed oil upon a woollen rag, and rub the chairs with it, and then rub them hard with a dry cloth until they appear bright; then rub some yellow wax on a hard brush, and brush them all over; then take a rough woollen cloth,

and again rub them, and they will look as well as when new.

TO CLEAN OIL-CLOTHS THAT ARE LAID ON FLOORS.

THE best method of keeping these in proper order is, to dry rub them every day, because it not only keeps them clean, but also preserves them better than any thing that can be mentioned, for when mops are used they soon wear out. Once every week let them be turned upside down; and once every month let them be rubbed over with milk, and hung out to dry; then let them be rubbed over with a cloth, and they will look as well as at first.

METHOD OF DESTROYING THE RANCID AND EFFECTS OF RANCID BUTTER.

WHEN fresh butter has not been salted in proper time, or when salt butter has become rancid or musty, after melting and skimming it, dip in it a crust of bread, well toasted on both sides; and, at the end of a minute or two, the butter will lose its disagreeable odour, but the bread will be found fetid.

TO TAKE SPOTS OUT OF BOARDS AND LARGE TABLES.

MAKE some ley of wood-ashes, and mix it with a few galls; then put it on the spots the evening before you intend to clean them. In the morning, rub the boards hard with a brush, and if it is a floor, you must do it on your knees. Let it be done with the grain, and take some fine sand at the second scouring; when they are dry, take a coarse woollen cloth, and rub them clean, until you see no spots remaining. When you have brought them to a right colour, and can distinguish the grain, then wash them with cold water and sand. Hot water must not be used, as it opens the grain of the boards, and hard water always spoils the colour.

LET the following be procured at a druggist's, and bottled for use:—One pint of the best rectified spirits of wine, and half an ounce of oil of amber; which mixture is an invaluable cure for cuts, bruises, burns, &c. It will cure a trifling burn upon immediate application.

Miscellaneous.

RUSSIA AND THE MOON.

IN the January number of *Correspondente Astronomique* of Baron Von Zach, there is a calculation, according to which the Russian empire exceeds the *terra firma* in the moon by 123,885 square leagues.

The diameter of the moon is 693 leagues; consequently the surface is 2,507,261 square leagues. If in the moon, as in our earth, the fluid part, which we call sea, covers two-thirds of the surface, only 835,087 square miles remain for the *terra firma*. Now according to the calculation made in the year 1818, the Russian empire extends over a surface of 958,979 square leagues, the possessions in America included; consequently the excess remains as above stated. According to another calculation, the Russian empire extends over 174 degrees of longitude and 24 of latitude. It contains about 2-19th parts of the *terra firma*, the 14th part of our hemisphere, and the 28th part of our earth. The population is about 45,271,469 souls, 1,000,000 of savages, and 340,000 negroes not included.

CHATTERTON.

THE unfortunate Chatterton was amusing himself one day in company with a friend reading the epitaphs in Pancras churchyard. He was so deeply sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy "in assisting at the resurrection of genius." Poor Chatterton smiled, and, taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution. I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined. We can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? In three days after, the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more!

OLD TIMES.

Samuel LAWRENCE's sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his times; and in one of them he gives the following picture of the comfort, happiness, and industry of his father's family:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year, at the uttermost, and hereupon tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse while he came to the place that he should receive the king's

wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept us to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles a piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm, where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

FROM recent experiments, it appears that the boa constrictor casts its first skin on the fourteenth day after it is hatched from the egg, which is about the size of that of a goose, and soft. The serpent is at first about eighteen inches in length, and grows rapidly.

POSTERITY OF MILTON IN INDIA.

THERE is reason to believe that the representative of the family of Milton might be found in British India. Deborah, the third and favourite daughter of our great poet, was the only one of his children who had a family that lived. She married Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1737, aged 76. She had seven sons, one of whom, Caleb Clarke, went to Madras, and became parish-clerk there. His children were the latest descendants of Milton, and it is extremely desirable that some inquiry should be made respecting them by persons resident at that presidency.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's sins."—Walter.

HARD TIMES.

THE wife of a sexton in a country village was haranguing her neighbours on the hardness of the times, when a countryman came up, and offered some ducks for sale:—"Ducks," said the wife, "how can you suppose I can purchase ducks, when my husband has not buried a living soul these last three months."

A COUNTRY paper describing the effects of a late thunderstorm, says, "Several cattle were killed, but fortunately no lives lost."

BRUNET.

THIS celebrated comic French actor never suffered his children to visit the theatre where he performed, lest by seeing and laughing at their father in the performance of ridiculous characters, they should insensibly lose the filial respect due from children to their parents.

GIRL forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said with great simplicity, "Oh, dear no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis doctors, I tell you, to us, (and 'tis true),
The women are far more important than you;
For without them to live any man I defy,
But without your advice we can all of us die.

PETER PINDAR.

It being remarked of a picture of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen in the Slaughterhouse Gallery, that the varnish was chipped, and the figures rather sunk, the proprietors directed one of their esquires to give it a fresh coat of varnish. "What I use copal or mastic?" said the young man. "Neither one nor the other," said the facetious Peter Pindar, "If you wish to bring the figures out, varnish it with *currie soup*."

THE BITER BIT.

A CERTAIN priest had hoarded up

A secret mass of gold.

But where he might bestow it safe

By fancy was not told.

At length it came into his head

To lock it in a chest

Within the channel; and he wrote

Thereon—"His Deus est."

A merry wag whose greedy mind

Long wished for such a prey,

Regarded not the sacred words

That on the casket lay.

Took out the gold, and blotting out

The priest's inscript thereon,

Wrote "Remember, now and then

Your God is rose and gone."

THE following may be seen on a sign-board exhibited above the kitchen window of a lodging-house in Wells-street, Oxford-street:—*Longins to left Fors Sengel Wemans. Porters woork don, messagen and parcels carful delivred by J. Floss, in this here kethen below.*

THE BEGGAR AND BLACK LEG.

A STURDY beggar importunately asking for alms of a black leg, as he was entering the door of a celebrated gaming-house, the latter indignantly told him to "Go to H—ll!" "That," replied the other, "is an easy matter; for we are both at its entrance!"

TO A LADY, ON HEARING HER SING.

"ANGELS ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care!"

While you improve the world,
In strains so sweet, so soft, so rare,
I tremble lest you should be heard,
And they should take you at your word.

A PROSPECT.

NEVER was man, than I am, more perplex'd,
Which makes me think of *prospect*
And sure and strong;
For on the Twenty-first of December
I next, *prospect*
I must be happy as the day is long.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are greatly obliged to Mr. Minns for his very excellent engravings.

Guibert has our best thanks. His instructions shall be attended to.

If Mr. Patis will name the articles to which he alludes, in a letter bearing a very late date, we will explain.

Drawings from a *Leicester Correspondent* and J. B. P. are received, and shall be sent to the engraver.

Ten lines of rhyme on Tea are not worth a tea-spoonful of the commonest Bohemian. Jeannot's observations are good; but the subject has been fully discussed in the article to which Jeannot so frequently alludes.

We shall immediately read and dispose of the following papers, which have come to hand since our last notice:—*Roland, Montaigne, F. R. F. On Galvanism, G. T. B. J. Mr. Drans, Owen, Ingrid, A. Hannoverian, Paul Fry, Edgar, G. W. N. P. and G. Watts.*

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